

STATINTL

Shades of James Bond and Such! Girls to 'Spy' for Sussex Troops

**'Tough and Beautiful' Agents Recruited
for Territorial Army's Exercises—
Thereby Hangs a Fanciful Story**

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LONDON, Nov. 5.—The Royal Sussex Regiment of Mountfield Road, Lewes, has announced that it will hire four "tough and beautiful" girls to act as spies in coming military exercises. The recruits were immediately branded "James Bond Girls."

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The soft life had the James Bond girl 'round the neck and was slowly strangling her.

At 7:30 on the morning of Tuesday, Nov. 5, she awoke in her comfortable room at the Links in Crowborough, Sussex, and was disgusted to find that she was thoroughly bored with the prospect of the day ahead.

The incredible vice of waking up bored was the only vice she utterly condemned. There was only one way to deal with boredom—kick oneself out of it. She got out of bed and did deep knee bends until her muscles screamed. Then she went on to arm exercises.

Panting with exertion, she recalled M's words in Room 412 of the quiescent 00 section in London the day before. "You see, 007," M said softly, the cold gray showing in his eyes. "You see what I mean."

'A Piece of Cake, Sir'

She was to rest in Crowborough until Nov. 23, when she was to be recruited as one of four girl spies in the exercises of the Royal Sussex Regiment at nearby Lewes.

She had shrugged her shoulders and looked candidly at M. "Should be a piece of cake, sir," she said.

SMERSH (the Soviet counter-espionage apparatus) wouldn't be in the picture. Rosa Klebb and Dr. No were dead, and the silence for the Beretta was still packed in cotton wool in the thick tube of toothpaste.

Maj. D. H. Hoad and Sgt. Ver-

non Parnell of the Royal Sussex Regiment had been in the room with the chief. They had said they would need the 007 girls for reconnoitering.

M's mouth had turned downward at the corners so that his face looked like the front of an old Edsel.

Eighty reservists in the Territorial Army were to be deployed in the woods and high grass of Piffone Park at Lewes for the exercise, which would start the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 23, and run through the Sunday morning. Forty would make up the friendly force and the other 40 the enemy.

The objective would be to capture the headquarters of the opposing force. The girls would serve as a reconnaissance patrol to penetrate the lines and bring back information.

"No one will suspect the girls," M had said—but there was a tinge of doubt in his voice.

The James Bond girl looked down at her breakfast. It was her favorite meal, and was always the same—strong coffee (brewed if possible in an American pot), of which she drank two large cups, black and without sugar, and a single egg boiled for three and a third minutes.

After finishing the meal, she reached into her pocketbook for her gunmetal cigarette case and for a Morland cigarette with the three gold rings. She felt secure with the .25-caliber Beretta under her left arm. As she thought of the importance of the exercises to the defense efforts of the Territorial Army, her spirits rose.

She knew she must not be suspected. Perhaps, she thought, the best way would be to ditch the Beretta and buy a Colt .45.

Enter an Intruder

"It just might work," she thought as she sprayed a cloud of Bond Street perfume across her shapely shoulders.

Then the quiet English morning was shattered by the tell-tale roar of the Mark II Continental Bentley with the Mark IV engine with 9.5 compression.

It was the James Bond man. He pulled in the street below and headed purposefully toward the thick vine growing conveniently up to her window.

In 3.5 seconds he was in her room.

"My dear," he said gravely. "The chief wants us in this war game together. We're to pretend to be engaged and walk through the woods hand in hand."

He pulled a three-carat diamond solitaire from his pocket and his face softened.

"We'll need some practice," he said, as he slipped the ring on her finger and gently drew her toward him.